Ani DiFranco, Cold & Mean

You are listening to the phone ring Like a church bell sounding out the hour. And the ringing cuts the silence Like a knife leaving little pieces left of your life. You are watching the night shadows grow tall s Swallowing you in terror like the foot on the wall. Shake me down to the soil of a dream. Take me whole and take me clean. Take me from this reality cold and mean. Cold and mean. I can't answer I can't speak to anyone Not until I witness the next rising of the sun. It's this darkness it's like a lead weight in my shoe. I couldn't rise to answer even if I wanted to. Shake me down to the soil of a dream. Take me whole and take me clean. Take me from this reality cold and mean. Shake me down to the soil of a dream. Take me whole and take me clean. Take me from this reality cold and mean. Shake me down to the soil of a dream. Take me whole and take me clean. Take me from this reality cold and mean. Cold and mean.